A Common Whore

With all theſe graces grac'd,
Shee's very honeſt, beauti-
full and chaſte.

Written By JOHN TAYLOR.

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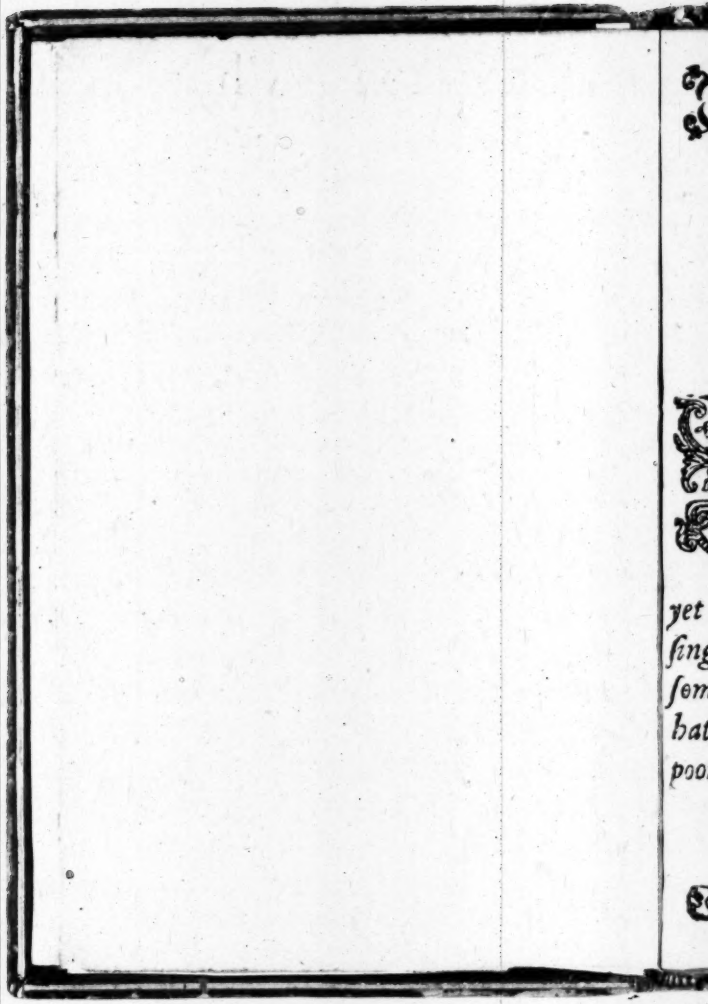

To no matter who,

Lord, Maſter, Good-man, Gaffer, *or* Knaue, Lady, Miſtreſſe, Good-wife, Gammer, *or Whore*, } Readers.

I *Would not haue you to take me for a Bawde or a Pander, for that I ſend a* Whore *amongſt you; for though it be my pleaſure to call her ſo, yet you in the peruſing of her, and converſing with her, ſhall find her honeſter then ſome of your Wiues or Mothers: indeed ſhe hath no great Kindred to boaſt of, for my poore brain like* Ioue *was father and mo-*

ther that begat and bare her like a new Pallas: and my Pen the Midwife that firſt wrap'd her in ragged verſes in ſtead of clouts, where the Printer hath vſ'd her as he would be loth to be vſ'd himſelfe; for hee hath publiſhed and proclaimed all her faults to the view of the world, and yet I know the poore Whores paine is not paſt, for now ſhee is to bee examined a thouſand wayes, and tortured vpon the Racke of cenſure, and amongſt all that ſhall view and handle her, the hot Whoremaſter will deale moſt diſcourteouſly with her, for when hee perceiues her honeſtie too hard for his knauery, he will in anger, with three tuſhes, foure piſhes, fiue mewes, ſixe wry

mouths,

mouths, and ſeuen ſcuruy faces, teare her and pull her worſe then the Ruſticall Rabblement did vſe to vſe common Whores on former Shroue-Tueſdayes. *But all's one, let him doe his worſt, ſhe is confidently arm'd with Innocencie: and the threats or danger of the bad cannot affright her but that ſhee will attempt to recreate the good. In a word, all that is amiſſe in her, I pray you impute it to my bad Tutorſhip, and her owne fraility; all that I hope of her is, that ſhe is a merry* Whore, *full of good words: A kind* Whore *to be had for money or loue any where, a true* Whore *and a conſtant, for ſhe will neuer forſake any man that will keepe her: and (by reaſon ſhe is an*

honeſt VVhore) *ſhee is a poore* VVhore, *and hath neither money nor Sprats: take my* VVhore *amongſt you as ſhe is.*

Now after this, I'le be exceeding briefe
To ſend another Pamphlet call'd a *Thiefe*;
The Hue and Cry is out, and I proteſt,
Though he ſcape hanging, yet be ſhall be preſt.

IOHN TAYLOR.

A WHORE.

MY Booke, an honeſt *Whore* I fitly call,
Becauſe it treats of *Whores* in generall:
Then though this Pamphlet I doe name a *Whore*,
Let no man ſhun her company therefore;
For if ten thouſand with her lodge and lye,
No reputation they ſhall loſe thereby.
No coſt * for Dyet ſhee at all requires,
No charge for change of changeable attires,
No Coaches, or Carroches ſhee doth crave,
No baſe attendance of a Pand'ring Knave.
Perfumes and Paintings, ſhe abhorres and hates,
Nor doth ſhee borrow haire from other pates.
And this much more Ile boldly ſay for her,
Who ſo redeemes her from the Stationer,
(With whom ſhee as a ſlave is kept in hold,
And at his pleaſure daily bought and ſold)

*A cheape Whore.

A Whore.

I say, that man that doth her ransome pay,
She will requite his kindnesse euery way,
Her Inside with such Treasury is stor'd,
As may become the Pocket of a Lord.
All, from the Cottage to the Castle high,
From Palatines vnto the Peasantry,
(If they'le permit their wisedomes rule their will)
May keepe this *Whore* and yet be honest still.
Yet is she* *Common*, vnto all that craue her,
For sixe pence honest man or knaue may haue her
To be both turn'd and tost, she free affords,
And (like a prating *Whore*) she's full of words,
But all her talke is to no other end,
Then to teach *Whoremasters* and *Whores* to mend.
She in plain termes vnto the world doth tell,
Whores are the Hackneys which men ride to hell,
And by comparisons she truly makes
A *Whore* worse then a common Shore, or Iakes.
A Succubus, a deuill sinke of sinne,
A mire, where worse then Swine doe wallow in.
And with a *Whore* (although thus plaine she be)
She shewes a *Whoremonger* as bad as she.
And though I barren am of Eloquence,
Nor neuer vnderstood my *Accidence*:

*A strange Whore common and yet honest.

A Whore.

Yet though I haue no learning to my ſhare,
A *Whore* to broken Latin Ile compare;
Firſt if her mind on *Whoring* ſhe doth fix,
She's all compact of mirth, all *Meretrix*,
And with ſmall teaching ſhe will ſoone decline
Mulier into the Gender Maſculine
By her Attire, of which ſex ſhe ſhould be,
She ſeemes the *doubtfull Gender* vnto me,
To either ſide her habit ſeemes to leane,
And may be taken for the *Epicene*.
Vnto the *Neuter* I compare her can,
For ſhe's for thee, or me or any man.
In her Declenſions ſhe ſo farre doth goe,
As to the *common of two or three*, or moe.
And come to *horum harum Whorum*, then
She proues a great proficient amongſt men.
Then after ſhe had learn'd theſe Leſſons right,
She forward goes vnto *hoc lene* light,
She paints out *pulcher*, ayded by her glaſſe,
She's neither *bonus*, or yet *bonitas*.
Homo for all men, is a common name,
And ſhe for all men is a common ſhame.
Not *lapis* ſingularly, her can pleaſe,
She loues the plurall number *lapides*.

To

A Whore.

To Conſtrue plainly ſhe is ſeldome curious,
The two hard words of *durus*, and of *durius*,
Though ſhe's not paſt the whip, ſhe's paſt the rods
And knowes to joyne her *qui's*, her *quæ's* & *quods*,
The *Active* from the *Paſſive* ſhe'le deriue,
Her *Mood* commands like the *Imparatiue*;
She knowes no *Concords*, yet to all men thus,
She faine would be *Iucundus omnibus*:
Clam is the Cloake, that couers her offence,
Her goodneſſe all is in the *Future tenſe*,
She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne)
Or Conſt'ring truly, *Eaſie to be done*.
Parui ducitur probitas, ſets forth
Her honeſty is rekoned little worth:
And he ſhall find, that takes her for his choyce,
An *Interjection*, or *Imperfect voyce*:
Among the rules of Gender, ſhe by heart,
Can without miſſing dayly ſay her part.
The firſt among them all ſhe liketh beſt,
Propria quæ Maribus, and there ſhe'le reſt.
Thus may a *VVhore* be made (by this conſtruction)
Vnto the Grammer rules an Introduction,
But yet if Learning might be gotten ſo,
Few to the Vniuerſities would goe.

And

And all degrees, tagge ragge, and old and young,
Would be well grounded in the Latine tongue:
Whil'ſt many learn'd men would be forc'd to ſeeke
Their linings from the Hebrew and the Greeke:
For mine owne part I dare to ſweare and vow
I ne're vſ'd *Accidence* ſo much as now,
Nor all theſe Latine words here enterlac'd,
I doe not know if they with ſenſe are plac'd,
I in the Booke did finde them, and conclude,
At random to a *Whore* I them allude:
But leauing *Latine*; euery trading *Wench*
Hath much more vnderſtanding of the *French*,
If ſhe hath learn'd great P, O Perſe O.
She'le quickly know *De morbo Gallico.*
If in theſe rudiments ſhe well doth enter,
With any man ſhe never feares to venter:
She's impudently arm'd, and ſhameleſſe to,
And never dreads what man to her can do,
Her neather part to ſtake ſhe'le often lay
To keepe her vpper part in faſhion gay,
She bluſhes not to haue her Trade well knowne,
Which is, ſhe lives by uſing of her owne.
Her ſhop, her ware, her fame, her ſhame, her game,
'Tis all her owne, which none from her can claime.

And

And if ſhe be halfe mad, and curſe, and ſweare,
And fight, and bite, and ſcratch, and domineere
Yet ſtill ſhe proves her patience to be ſuch,
'Midſt all theſe paſſions ſhe will beare to much.
She is not covetous for any thing,
For what ſhe hath, men doe vnto her bring,
(Her Temp'rance is a vertue of much honour)
And all her Commings in, are put vpon her.
Shee's generall, ſhe's free, ſhe's liberall
Of hand and purſe, ſhe's open vnto all,
She is no miſerable hidebound wretch,
To pleaſe her friend at any time ſhee'le ſtretch.
At once ſhe can ſpeake *true*, and *lye*, or either,
And is at home, abroad, and altogether.
She's nimbler then a Tumbler, as I thinke
Layes down, and takes up, whilſt a man can winke,
And though ſhe ſeeme vnmeaſur'd in her pleaſure,
'Tis otherwiſe a Yard's her onely meaſure.
But as moſt *VVhores* are vicious in their fames,
So many of them have moſt Vertuous names,
Though bad they be, they will not bate an Ace.
To be call'd *Prudence, Temperance, Faith* or *Grace*,
Or *Mercy Charitie*, or many more,
Good names (too good to give to any *VVhore*)

Much

A Whore.

Much from the Popes of *Rome* they doe not ſwerue
For they have Names which they doe ill deſerue,
Onely betwixt them here's the difference on't,
A *VVhore* receives her name firſt at the *Font*:
The Roman Biſhop takes a larger ſcope,
For he doth change his name when hee's a Pope.
As if he were a Perſecuting *Saul*,
If he pleaſe hee'le be call'd a Preaching *Paul*.
Is his name *Swineſnout*, he can change the Caſe,
And ſwap away that name for *Boniface*,
If he be moſt vngodly, and enuious,
Yet if he pleaſe, he will be called *Pius*,
Be he by Nature to all miſchiefe bent,
He may and will be called *Innocent*,
And be he never ſo doggedly inclinde,
Hee'le be nam'd *Vrbane*, if it be his minde.
If he be much more fearefull then a Sheepe,
The Name of *Leo* he may have and keepe.
And though he be vnmercifull yet ſtill
He may bee called *Clement* if he will.
Thus *Popes* may have good names, though bad they be,
And ſo may *VVhores* though different in degree.
The Annagram of WHORE's her mortall foe,
Devided into two words, 'tis HER WO.

And

A Whore.

And ſeriouſly (to lay all Ieſting by)
A *Whore* is *Her* owne *Woe*, and miſery.
For though ſhe haue all pleaſures at the full,
Much more then *Thais*, that proud *Corinthian* Trul,
Who ſuffred none but Kings and Potentates
To haue their pleaſures, at Exceſſiue rates;
Yet all that Deare bought Letchery would be
The greater brand of laſting Infamy:
And though her Carrion Corps, rich clad, high fed,
(Halfe rotten living, and all rotten Dead)
Who with her helliſh Courage, ſtout and hot,
Abides the brunt of many a prickſhaft ſhot;
Yet being dead, and doth conſumed lye,
Her euerlaſting ſhame ſhall neuer dye.
Ixion (in his armes) he did ſuppoſe
That he the Goddeſſe *Iuno* did incloſe:
But in the end his franticke error ſhow'd,
That all which he imbrac'd was but a Cloud.
So whoſoeuer doe their *Luſt* embrace,
In ſtead of *Loue* are clouded with diſgrace.
The Godleſſe Goddeſſe *Venus*, honor'd farre,
For conqu'ring of the Conqu'ring God of Warre,
To hide their ſhame they no defence could get,
When limbing *Vulcan* tooke them in a net,

And

And being past shame, with that foule offence,
Shee arm'd herselfe with shameleſſe Impudence.
And with vngodly Articles would prove,
That foule Concupiſence and Luſt is Loue.
For which each bawdy Knave, and filthy *VVhore*,
Her Devilliſh Diety doe ſtill adore.
I have read * Hiſtories that doe repeat
VVhores were of old in eſtimation Great,
Pandemus King of *Corinth*, he erected
(That he from *Perſes* power might be protected)
A Temple vnto *Venus*, as ſome ſay,
Where *VVhores* might for his ſafety ſafely pray.
And ſome in *Epheſus* did Temples reare,
In whom the *Paphean* Queenes adored were,
Where they that were the wickedſt *whores* of all,
Were the chiefe Prieſts in robes Pontificall.
And in the Ile of *Paphos* 'twas the vſe
Mayds got their Dowries, by their Corps abuſe,
But if that order were allowed here,
So many would not Portions want I feare?
The Art of Bawd'ry was in ſuch reſpect
Amongſt the *Egyptians* that they did erect

* Heere I have for ſome 60. lines followed the report of *Cornelius Agrippa*, in his *Vanitie of Sciences*.

An

A Whore.

An Altar to *Priapus*, and their guiſe
Was, that their Prieſts on it did ſacrifice.
Wiſe *Ariſtotle* was in wit ſo poore,
Hee ſacrific'd to *Hermia* his *whore*.
Great *Iulius Cæſar*, was ſo free and Common,
And cald a Husband vnto euery woman.
Proculus Emperour, (the ſtory ſayes)
Deflowr'd a hundred Maydes* in Fifteene daies.
If all be true that Poets vſe to write,
Hercules lay with Fifty in one night.
When *Heliogabalus* Romes Septer ſway'd,
And all the world his lawleſſe Lawes obay'd
He in his Court did cauſe a Stews be made.
Whereas *Cum priuilegio*, *VVhores* did trade.
H'inuited Two and twenty of his friends,
And kindly to each one a *VVhore* he lends.
To ſet *Whores* free, that then in bondage lay,
A mighty * Maſſe of money he did pay.
He (in one day) gaue to each *Whore* in *Rome*
A *Ducket*, (a large and ill beſtowed ſumme.)
He made Orations vnto *VVhores*, and ſaid
They were his Souldiers, his Defence and ayde,

And

*Sermatian Maydes
* 30 pound waight a peece.

And in his ſpeech he ſhew'd his wits acute,
Of ſundry formes of Bawdr'y to diſpuit.
And after giving vnto every *VVhore*,
For liſt'ning to his tale three Duckats more;
With Pardon vnto all and Liberty
That would be *VVhores* within his Monarchy.
And yearely Penſions, he freely gaue,
To keepe a Regiment of *Whores*, moſt brave.
And oft he had (when he in Progreſſe went)
Of *Whores*, Bawds, Panders, ſuch a Rabblement;
Sixe hundred Waggons, Hiſtory reports,
Attended onely on theſe braue conſorts.
This was a Royall *VVhoremaſter* indeed,
A ſpeciall [a] Benefactor at their need,
But now ſince *Heliogabilus* deceaſt,
I thinke the world with *VVhores* is ſo increaſt,
That if it had an Emperour as mad,
He might haue twice ſo many as he had.
For by experience wee ſee every day
That bad things doe increaſe, good things decay.
And vertue (with much care) from vertue breeds;
Vice freely ſprings from vice, like ſtinking weeds.

[a] Or rather malefactor.

A Whore.

Sardinapalus King of *Babylon*,
Was to his *Whores* ſuch a companion,
That he in their attire did ſow and ſing,
(An exerciſe unfitting for a King.)
This fervent Luſt, (which ſome call ardent Love)
Did cauſe the [b] Baſtard of the mightie *Iove*
To pleaſe his *Iole*, he tooke a Wheele
And (laying by his Club) did ſpin and Reele.
Great *Iove* himſelfe, could not this ſnare eſcape,
Luſt led him on to many a ſhameleſſe Rape.
Poore *Hebe*, *Hele*, *Darna*, and *Europa*,
Alcmena, *Io*, *Semele*, and *Leada*,
Antiopa, *Aſterie*, *Ganimed*,
Theſe and a number more his fancie fed.
To compaſſe which his ſhifts were manifold,
T'a * *Bull*, a Ram, a Swan, a ſhowre of Gold,
To dreadfull Thunder, and conſuming fire,
And all to quench his inward flames deſire.
Appollo turn'd faire *Daphne* into [c] *Bay*,
Becauſe ſhe from his Luſt did fly away,
He lou'd his *Hyacinct*, and his *Coronis*,
As fervently as *Venus* did *Adonis*,

[b] *Hercules.* * *Iupiter* transform'd himſelfe to all theſe ſhapes to attaine his deſire. [c] The Bay tree or Lawrell.

So

So much he from his Godhead did decline,
That for a Wench he kept *Admetus* Kine.
And many other *Gods* have gone astray,
If all be true which *Ovids* Booke doth say.
Thus to fulfill their Lusts, and win their Trulls,
We see that these ungodly gods were Guls.
The mighty Captaine of the [a] *Mermidons*,
Being captiv'd to these base passions,
Met an untimely unexpected slaughter
For faire *Polixena*, King *Priams* daughter.
Lucretia's Rape, was *Tarquins* overthrow,
(Shame often payes the debt that sinne doth owe)
What *Phylomela* lost, and *Tereus* wonne,
It causde the lustfull [b] Father eate his Sonne.
In this vice [c] *Nero* tooke such beastly joy,
He married was to *Sporus* a yong Boy.
And *Periander* was with Lust so led,
He with *Melissa* lay when she was dead.
Pigmalion [d] with an Image made of Stone,
Did love and lodge: (Ile rather lye alone.)

a *Achilles*, who was slaine (besotted to his death) for the love of *polixena*. b *Tereus* King of *Thrace* eate of his own Sonne *Itis*, made into pyemeat by his wife *Progne*. c A Tyrant Prince in *Corinth*. d *Plutarch*.

A Whore.

Ariſtophanes, ioyn'd in loue would be
To a ſhee Aſſe: but what an Aſſe was he?
A Roman [b] *Appius* did in layle abide,
For loue of faire *Virginia*, where he dyde.
Our ſecond *Henry* [c] Aged, Childiſh, fond,
On the faire feature of faire *Roſamond*:
That it raiſ'd moſt vnnaturall hatefull ſtrife
Betwixt himſelfe, his children, and his wife.
The end of which was, that the jealous Queene
Did poiſon [d] *Roſamond* in furious ſpleene.
The fourth King *Edward* lower did deſend,
He to a Goldſmiths wife [e] his loue did bend,
This ſugred ſinne hath been ſo generall,
That it hath made the ſtrongeſt Champions fall.
For *Sichem* rauiſht [f] *Dina*, for which deed,
A number of the *Sichemites* did bleed.
And *Sampſon*, in the prime of manly ſtrength,
By *Dallila*, was ouercome at length.
King *Dauid* frailely fell, and felt the paine,
And with much ſorrow, was reſtor'd againe.

b *Appius* murthered himſelfe, becauſe *Virginias* father had ſlaine her, to free her from his Luſt. *c* King *Henrie* the 2. King of *England*. *d* At *Woodſtocke*. *e* Miſtris *Shore*. *f* She was *Iacobs* daughter, whoſe Rape was accurſedly reuenged by her brethren, *Simeon* and *Leui*. *Geneſis*.

Though

Though *Saul* his foe he no way would offend,
Yet this ſinne made him kill his loyall [g]friend.
Ammon with [h] *Thamar*, Inceſt did commit,
And *Abſolon* depriu'd his life for it.
And *Salomon* allow'd moſt Royall meanes
To keepe three hundred Queenes, ſeuen hundred
By whoſe meanes to Idolatry he fell (queanes,
Almoſt as low as to the gates of Hell.
At laſt repenting, he makes declaration,
That all was vanity, and ſpirits vexation.
Abundance of examples men may finde,
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
Which is no way for meaner men to goe,
Becauſe their betters oft haue wandred ſo,
For they were plagu'd of God, and ſo ſhall we
Much more if of their ſinne we partners bee.
To ſhew what Women haue been plagued in
The bottomleſſe Abyſſe of this ſweet ſinne,
There are examples of them infinite,
Which I neu'r meane to reade, much leſſe to write
To pleaſe the reader though I'le ſet downe ſome,
As they vnto my memory doe come.

g 2 *Sam.* 11
h 2 *Sam.* 13.

A Whore.

Flora a Whore in *Rome*, great wealth did win,
By her deare trading and her Commings in,
Which wealth ſhe freely gave when ſhe did dye,
Vnto the *Roman* people generally,
For which they al (to ſhew their thanks unto her)
Made her a Goddeſſe and did Reuerence doe her.
And *Lais* of *Corinth*, ask'd *Demoſthenes*
One hundred Crownes for one nights buſineſſe,
For which a crew of *Whores* did ſet upon her,
A *Whore* ſhe was, & *whores* to death did ſtone her.
There was a famous Whore [a] *Rhodope* nam'd,
Who for her gaine, at ſuch high price ſhe gam'd,
That ſhe (moſt liberall) did the charges beare,
A ſtately high Piramides to reare.
Great *Iulius Cæſar*, was much overſeene
With *Cleopatra* the Ægyptian Queene:
And after ſhe inſnar'd *Marke Anthony*,
For which they both by their own hands did dye
Semiramis [b] plaid the inhumane Trull,
And was enamour'd with a beaſtly Bull.
So did [c] *Paſipha*, but me thinks tis ſtrange

a She was ſervant to *Exanthus*, and fellow to *Eſop* the Fabulift. b Queene of *Babylon* ſlaine by her Sonne, whom ſhe would have had to have lyen with her. c *Paſipha* wife to *Minos* King of *Crete*.

That

That Queenes ſo farre from womanhood ſhould
Mirha(*Adonis* mother) caus'd her Father (range.
The flower of her virginitie to gather.
If wiſe *Vliſſes* had not wellbeene arm'd,
Inchanting *Circe* had his honour charm'd.
When youthfull *Paris* ſtole the luſtfull Punke,
Faire *Hellen*, had the Ship that bore them ſunke,
Then thirty Kings in peace at home had ſtaid,
Nor *Troy* or *Trojans* in their ruines laid :
Faire[a] *Meſſalina*, a moſt royall Whore,
(Wife unto *Claudius* the Emperour)
The ſports of *Venus* in the Stewes did play,
Sometimes full five and twenty times a day.
Marcus Aurelius did faire *Fauſtine* wed,
And ſhe with whoring did behorne his head.
And many Princes and great Potentates,
With *Vulcans* creſt have arm'd their noble pates :
This to the pooreſt Cuckold ſeemes a bliſs,
That he with mighty Monarchs ſharer is,
That though to be cornuted be a griefe,
Yet to have ſuch brave partners, is reliefe,
Theſe *whores* & *whoremaſters* which I have nam'd
And thouſands more (in Hiſtories defamde)

a *Meſſalina* and *Fauſtina* two Empreſſes.

With partiall ſelfe-opinion did approue,
Their ſenſuallity and Luſt was *Loue*.
When as the ods is more then day from night,
Or fire from water, blacke from pureſt white;
The one with *God*, one with the *Deuill* doth dwell,
Loue comes frō *heauen*, & luſt doth ſpring frō *hell*.
But the old Prouerbe, ne're will be forgot,
A Letchers loue is (like *Sir Reuerence*) hot.
And on the ſudden cold as any ſtone,
For when the luſt is paſt, the loue is gone.
But loue is ſuch a bleſſing from on hie,
Whoſe zealous fervency can never die,
It out-liues life, and the aſcending flame
Mounts to the God of *Loue*, from whence it came.
Luſt made * *Seths* ſons, with fornication vaine,
Ioyne with the daughters of accurſed *Cain*,
And the world ſuffred, for their fornication,
Depopulation, by the inundation.
And twenty and foure thouſand *Iſraelites*
Dyde for this ſinne amongſt the [a] *Midianites*,
For the not puniſhing this fact (almoſt)
The Tribe of [b] *Beniamin* were ſlaine and loſt.

* Geneſis. *a* Numbers. *b* Iudg. 19. 20. and 21. 65000 were ſlaine of the Iſraelites, and there remained of the Benjamites only 600.

May

A Whore.

May this be call'd loue, then call vertue vice,
And every bawdy house a Paradice.
If lust were loue, it would not like a Wolfe,
Drowne Louers hearts in Desperations Gulfe,
A Theban, [c] *Hemon*, himselfe madly kill'd,
On his to deere deers Tombe his heart blood spild
For *Phaon* (a poore Watermans sweet sake)
Faire *Sapho* from a rocke, her [d] necke she brake.
Pheadra for her *Hippollitus*, they say,
Did hang her selfe, and make a Holy-day.
And [e] *Phillis* for [f] *Demophon* did as much,
Ile never love, if Loves effects be such.
To quench the *Carthaginian* [g] Queenes desire,
She burnt herselfe vpon a pile of fire;
If either *Priamus*, or *Thisby* had
Not beene starke fooles, or else exceeding mad,
The doting, idle misconceiving Elues,
So desperately, had ne're fore-done themselues.
Thus all the difference betwixt loue and lust,
Is, one is Iust, the other is vniust.

c For *Antigona* the Daughter of *Oedius* and *Iocasta*.
d The more foole she, though she were a Poetesse. e She was daughter to *Licurgus* King of *Thrace*. f Sonne to *Theseus*. g *Dido*, for *Eneas*, burned her selfe.

Search

A Whore.

Search but in Hiſtories, and men may find
Examples beyond numbring of this kind,
How of both Sexes, each ſtate and ſort
Of people, from the cottage to the court, (drownd
Have madly ran this courſe; ſome hang'd, ſome
Burnt, ſtaru'd & ſtabd thēſelues with many a woūd
Or pin'd away like Coxcombs, euer crauing
To have the thing thats neuer worth the having.
In *Antwerp* many filthy *Whores* I ſaw,
That for their Trading were allowde by Law.
And I in *Prague* did ſee a ſtreet of *Whores*,
An Engliſh mile in length, who at their doores
Did ſtand and ply (rich clad, and painted rare)
More hard then euer I plyde for a fare.
Th' *Italian* Stews (to make the Pope good cheere)
Payd twenty thouſand Duckets in a [h] yeere.
Beſides they give a Prieſt (t'amend his fee)
The prophet of a *VVhore*, or two, or three,
Me thinkes it muſt be bad Divinity,
That with the Stewes hath ſuch affinity.
Tis a mad doctrine, Lechery ſhould pay
A Church-mans ſtipend, that ſhould preach & pray

h Almoſt every yeere, a ducket is more then 8 ſhillings, which ſum is £000 l.

And

And in thoſe ſtewes, where women are ſo cõmon
In entertaining all, refuſing no man,
Whereas a father with a *Whore* may lye,
Which done his ſon his place may hap ſupply,
And then an Vnkle or a brother may
Succeed each other in that damned play.
For no propinquity, or no degree
Of kin, that hant there, that can ſweare th'are free
From this commixion: and, which is worſt;
A *Whore* may haue a baſtard borne and nurſt,
And growne a woman, and to this trade ſet her,
May be a *Whore* to him that did beget her.
Or to her brothers, or to all her kin,
She may be proſtituted in this ſin.
And therefore to conclude this poynt I muſe
That Chriſtian Common-wealths allow a Stewes,
I thinke that Thieues as well allow'd ſhould be.
As *Whores* and *Whoremaſters* ſhould thus be free.
They from the Heathen doe examples bring,
That *Whoring* is a rare commodious thing.
There was an antient vſe in *Babylon*,
When as a womans ſtocke was ſpent and gone,
Her liuing it was lawfull then to get,
Her carcaſſe out to Liuery to let.

And *Venus* did allow the *Cyprian* Dames,
To get their livings by their bodies ſhames.
Licurgus did a Law in *Sparta* make,
That all men might their barren wiues forſake:
And by the ſame Law it ordained was,
Wiues might vnable husbands turne to graſſe.
And the wiſe *Solon* the *Athenian*,
Allow'd *Whores* to be free for any man.
And though theſe things the Pagan people did,
Yet Chriſtian gouernments theſe things forbid.
But ther's no comon-wealth maintaines the ſame,
But were the [a] Pope is Landlord of the game.
The Stewes in *England* bore a beaſtly ſway,
Till the eight [b] *Henry* baniſh'd them away (downe,
And ſince thoſe common *Whores* were quite put
A damned crew of priuate *Whores* are growne;
So that the deuill will be doing ſtill,
Either with publique or with priuate ill.
Thus much for *VVhoring* I muſt ſay agen,
It hath produced many valiant men:
Braue Baſtards, haue been famous Conquerours,
And ſome great Lords, and Kings and Emperours.

a Not in any place but where Romes ſupremacy is allowed. *b* *Anno Regni* 37.

As

A Whore.

As *Hercules Iones* mighty Baſtard ſonne,
And [c] *Alexander* King of *Macedon*:
Clodovee, King of *France*, from Baſtardie,
And *William* Conqueror, from *Normandie*.
Theſe and a number more I could recite,
Beſides the vnknowne number's infinite.
And ſure that wretched man that maried is,
Vnto a wife diſpos'd to this amiſs
Is mad to wrong himſelfe at all thereby,
With heart-griefe and tormenting iealouſie.
If he hath cauſe for't, let him then forſake her,
And pray God mend her, or the deuill take her,
If he hath no cauſe to be jealous then,
He's worthy to be made the ſcorne of men.
Thus cauſe or no cauſe, man himſelfe ſhould arme,
That jealouſie ſhould never doe him harme.
The *Nicholitans*, to avoid the paine
Of jealouſie amongſt them did ordaine,
That all their married wiues, of each degree,
To euery one a common *whore* ſhould be.
And ſo amongſt them one could hardly finde,
A Cuckold that did beare a jealous minde.

[b] So ſayes *Cornelius Agrippa*, but I finde it otherwayes in *Quintus Curtius*.

As When

A Whore.

When I but thinke what Sciences, and Arts,
What men and women full of ex'lent parts,
Forget their functions, lay their vertues by,
And wait and liue, and thriue by Lecherie.
A Poets Art, all other Arts excell,
If he hath ſkill and grace to vſe it well:
Yet many times tis vſde moſt baſe and vile,
When it deſcends vnto a bawdy ſtile,
To turne good humane ſtudies, and diuine,
Into moſt beaſtly lines like *Aretine*;
To ſeeke to merit euer-liuing Bayes,
For ſordid ſtuffe (like *Ouids* luſtfull Layes.)
With falſe bewitching verſes to entice
Fraile creatures from faire vertue to foule vice,
Whoſe flatery makes a *Whore* to ſeeme a Saint,
That ſtinkes like carrion, with her Pox and paint.
Comparing her (with falſe and odious lies)
To all thats in or vndernea'h the Skyes;
Her eyes to *Sunnes*, that doth the *Sunne* Eclips,
Her cheekes are Roſes (Rubies are her lips)
Her white and red Carnation mixt with ſnow,
Her teeth to orientall pearle, a Row,
Her voice like Muſick of the heauenly Spheares,
Her haire like thrice refined golden Wires,

Her

A Whore.

Her breath more ſweet then Arromatick drugs,
Like Mounts of Allablaſter are her dugs,
Her *Bracelets*, *Rings*, her *Scarfe*, her *Fan*, her *Chaine*.
Are ſubjects to inſpire a Poets braine:
But aboue all her *Smock* moſt praiſe doth win,
For tis the Curtaine next vnto her skin.
Her looſe *Gowne*, for her looſer body fit,
Shall be adored with a flaſh of wit,
And from the *Chin-clout*, to the lowly *Slipper*,
In *Helliconian* ſtreames his praiſe ſhall dip her.
I leaue vnnam'd what is affected beſt,
As tis moſt fit, for it maintaines the reſt,
Her thighs, her knees, her legs, her feet, and all,
From top to toe are ſupernaturall.
Her Iuory hands, with ſaphire veines inlaide,
Which cannot be by mortall Pen diſplaide.
Her ſmile makes cold December Sommer like,
Her frowne, hot Iune with ſhivering Froſt can ſtrike
And life & death doth in her lookes abide,
Or many Knaues and Fooles that ſaid ſo lyde.
Her Shapperoones, her Perriwigs and tires,
Are Reliques, which this flatt'ry much admires,
Rebatoes, Maske, her Buſk and Buſk-point to,
Are things to which mad men muſt homage doe.

Her

A Whore.

Her Verdingale, her Garters, Shooes and Roſes,
Her Girdle that her waſtfull waſte incloſes.
Not one of theſe but's honoured with a Sonet,
If the ſaid Poet be but ſet vpon it,
Another ſeekes to winne his Wenches will,
With oyly Oratories ſmoothing skill.

As thus.

MOſt ineſtimable Magazin of beauty, rare Maſter-peece of Nature, perfections wonder, and Loues Quinteſſence, in whom the port and majeſtie of Iuno, *the feature of* Citheria, *the wiſedome of* Ioves *Braine-bred* Girle, *the chaſtitie of* Diana, *and the conſtancie of* Lucretia, *haue their domeſticall habitation, who with the* Goddeſſes *art deifide, with the* Graces *graced, with the* Vertues *ſtellifide, with the Muſes honored, and with the Senſes admired: vouchſafe dread Empreſſe of my Affections, to pardon the intruſiue boldneſſe of my vntun'd tongue (which*

* Pallas.

was

was never tipt with the Courtly Gloſſe of Adulation) who being the Ambaſſador of my heart, doth proſtrate my ſelfe and my beſt ſervices to be diſpoſed of at your great commands: and as the refulgent beames of Titan *makes purity of obſcurity, ſo one glance or glimpſe of the tranſlucencie of your eyes ſun-dazeling corruſcancie, will exile all the cloudie vapours of heart-tormenting moody melancholly; that like an vſurping Tyrant hath captivated your humble ſuppliant, thus fervently to implore your Clemencie.*

Here's a ſweet deale of ſcimble ſcamble ſtuffe,
To pleaſe my Lady *Wagtayle*, (marry muffe)
Gep with the * *Grinkcomes*, (but I ſpeake to late)
This kind of flatt'ry makes a *Whore* take ſtate, (her
Growes pocky proud, and in ſuch port doth beare
That ſuch poore ſcabs as I, muſt not come nee e her;
Thus may ſhe live, (much honor'd for her crimes)
And haue the Pox ſome twelue or 13 times.

* *Grinckomes* is an Vtopian word, which is in Engliſh a ſ. at *Paris*.

And ſhe may be ſo bountifull agen,
To ſell thoſe Pox to three or fourteſcore men,
And thus the Surgeons may get more by farre
By *whores* and Peace, then by the ſword and warre.
And thus a *whore* (if men conſider of it)
Is an increaſing gainfull piece of profit.
But of all *whores* that I have nam'd before,
There's none ſo cunning as the Cittie *whore*,
She hath ſo many ſeverall ſorts of Bawds,
To cloake and cover her deceipts and frauds,
That ſure the Devill cannot more deviſe
Then ſhe to blinde her horned husbands eyes.
One offers Purles to ſell and fine Bone-lace,
And whiſpers that her Friends in ſuch a place:
A ſecond offers Starch, and tels her how
Her ſweet-heart tarries for her at the Plow.
A third ſels Wafers, and a fourth hath Pins,
And with theſe tricks theſe Bawds admittance wins.
That had her Husband *Argos* eyes, yet he
By theſe deceivers ſhould deceived be.
If all theſe fayle, a Begger woman may,
A ſweet Love letter to her hands convey.
Or a neat Laundreſſe, or a Hearbwife can,
Carie a ſleeveleſſe meſſige now and than.

Or if this fayle, her teeth may ake (forſooth)
And then the Barbar muſt come draw a Tooth.
Or elſe ſhe may be ſicke (upon condition)
That ſuch a Doctor may be her Phyſition,
He feeles her pulſes and applyes his trade
With Potions which th' Apothecary made,
All's one for that, her health ſhe quickly gaines,
Her Husband payes the Doctor for his paines.
But of all Bawds, Gold is the Bawd indeed,
It ſeldome ſpeakes but it is ſure to ſpeed:
It can blind Watches, open bolts and locks,
Breake walls of ſtone, as hard as Marble rocks:
Make Iron barres give way, and gates fly ope,
Gives Luſt the reynes to run with boundleſſe ſcope
Kils Iealouſie, appeaſes Rivals, and
Doth what the owners will or can command,
And laſt of all it ſtops the biting jawes
Of the juſt rigorous, and ſevereſt Lawes.
I therefore ſay he that hath golden pelfe,
Hath a good Bawd, if ſo he pleaſe himſelfe:
Thoſe that have gold, can want no bawds or queans
Except they vſe a meane, to guide their meanes.
To end this point, this concluſion I gaine,
Thoſe that have golden bawds, no *whores* can want.

And though the mighty power of *gold* be ſuch,
Yet *Siluer* (many times) can doe as much:
Thus e very *wealthy *Whoremaſter* may beare
His *Bawd* in's purſe, or pocket any where.
For mine owne part, I liue not in ſuch want,
But that I eate and ſleepe, though coyne be ſcant:
And cauſe I want the *Bawd* I nam'd before,
By conſequence I needs muſt want the *Whore*.
And wanting of them both, I hope to be
From *Gowts*, *Pox*, and extortion ever free.
But as there's wondrous difference in mens meat,
So is the ods of *VVhores* exceeding great:
Some *Rampant*, & ſome *Couchant*, & ſome *Paſſant*
Some *Gnardant*, & ſome *Dormant*, & ſome *Creſſant*
Some *Pendant*, ſome (a Pox on't) but the beſt on't,
A private *whore*, trades ſafely, theres the Jeſt on't,
Beſides as *Whores* are of a ſeverall cut,
So fitting Titles on them ſtill are put:
For if a Princes loue to her decline,
For manners ſake ſhee's call'd a *Concubine*:
If a great Lord, or Knight effect a *Whore*,
She muſt be tearm'd his Honours *Paramore*.

* A ſcraping miſerable father, that cares not how he get Gold to leaue it to a Whoremaſter his Son, is his provident Bawd.

The

A Whore.

The rich Gull Gallant call's her *Deare* and *Love*,
Ducke, *Lambe*, *Squall*, *Sweethart*, *Cony*, & his *Doue*:
A pretty *wench* she's with the Country-man,
And a *Kinde Siſter* with the Puritane,
She's a Prieſts *Lemman*, and a Tinkers *Pad*,
Or *Dell*, or *Doxy* (though the names be bad)
And amongſt Souldiers this ſweet peece of Vice
Is counted for a Captaines *Cockatrice*.
But the mad Raſcall, when hee's fiue parts drunke,
Cals her his *Drab*, his Queane, his *Iyll*, or *Punke*:
And in his fury 'gins to rayle and rore,
Then with full mouth, he truely cals her *VVhore*,
And ſo I leaue her to her hot deſires,
'Mongſt *Pimps*, and *Panders*, and baſe *Appleſquires*.
To mend or end, when age or Pox will make her
Deteſted, and *whoremaſters* all forſake her.

A compariſon betwixt a Whore *and a* Booke

ME thinkes I heare ſome Cavillers obiect
That 'tis a name abſurd and indirect,
To giue a Booke the Tittle of a *VVhore*:
When ſure I thinke no Name befits it more.

A Whore.

For like a *whore* by day-light or by candle,
'Tis ever free for any knave to handle:
And as a new *whore* is belov'd and fought,
So is a new *Booke* in request and bought.
When *whores* wax old and stale, they'r out of date
Old Pamphlets are most subiect to such fate.
As *whores* have Panders to emblaze their worth,
So these have Stationers to set them forth.
And as an old *whore* may be painted new
With borrowed beauty, faire vnto the view,
Whereby she for a fine fresh *whore* may passe,
Yet is she but the rotten *whore* she was.
So Stationers, their old cast Bookes can grace,
And by new Titles paint a-fresh their face.
Whereby for currant they are past away,
As if they had come forth but yesterday.
A *Booke* is dedicated, now and than
To some great worthy or unworthy man:
Yet for all that 'tis common vnto me,
Or thee, or he, or all estates that be,
And so a man may have a *whore* (forsooth)
Supposing she is onely for his tooth,
But if the truth he would seeke out and looke,
She's common vnto all men, like a Booke.

A *Booke*

A Whore.

A *Booke* with gawdy coate, and ſilken ſtrings,
Whoſe inſide's full of obſceane beaſtly things,
Is like a *whore*, Capariſon'd and trap'd,
Full of infection, to all miſchiefe apt,
As one *whore* may be common unto any,
So one *Booke* may be dedicate to many.
And ſure I ſay, and hope I ſpeake no ſlander,
To ſuch a *Booke*, the *Poet* is the Pander.
He proſtitutes his Muſe to every one,
Which ſhould be conſtant vnto one alone,
This is a kind of Bawd'ry vile and baſe,
Kils bounty, and is Poetryes diſgrace.
And leſt they ſhould be loſt, it is ordain'd,
That *Bookes* within a Library are chain'd,
So he that to himſelfe will keepe a *whore*,
Muſt chaine her, or ſheele trade with forty more.
As *bookes* are leaſe by leaſe oft turn'd and toſt,
So are the Garments of a *whore*, (almoſt)
For both of them, with a wet finger may
Be folded or unfolded, night or day.
Moreover 'tis not very hard to prove,
That *bookes* and *whores* may Rivals be in Love,
(To purchaſe mens diſpleaſure I am loth)
But ſure good Schollers ſtill hath lov'd them both

A Whore.

Some *Bookes* haue their *Errates* at the laſt
That tels their errors and offences paſt.
So many great *VVhores* did in ſtate ſurviue,
But when death did their hateſull liues deprive,
Their *faults eſcap'd* and their *Errates* then
Hath beene made manifeſt and knowne to men.
Some *Bookes* and *Whores* to wicked purpoſe bent,
Doe for their faults receiue one puniſhment.
As *Bookes* are often burnt, and quite forgotten,
So *Whores* are over-ſtew'd or roſted rotten. (brings
Experience ſhews that *Bookes* much knowledge
And by experience *VVhores* know *many things*.
And as true Iuſtice, all mens loſſe repaires,
So *VVhores* doe give to all men what is their's.
Terence ſhe learnes, yet will ſhe much rebuke vs
If we doe play the part of true *Eunuchus*.
As *Bookes* prophane, or elſe Heretically,
Or ſcurrilous non-ſenſe, Shiſmatically,
Perverts mans Iudgement, and his ſoule pollutes,
Such are all *Whores*, and ſuch will be their fruits.
Some Slovens ſoyle a *Booke* in little ſpace,
And ſlaver it, and ſo the Leaves deface:
And ſome againe will take a cleanly courſe
To read it daily, yet tis nere the worſe.

So

A Whore.

So ſome men uſe a *Whore*, when once they have her
They'le touze and teare, and beaſtly all beſlaver,
When forty neat *Whoremaſters* might have play'd
And vſde her, and ſhe ſtill be thought a Mayde.
He that doth read a *Booke* he likes, would be
Alone, from any Interruption free,
And he that with a *Whore* would toy or lye,
I thinke deſires no other Company.
When *Bookes* are wet, their beauties gone or ſoyl'd
So, waſh a *Whore*, and all her paintings ſpoyl'd:
And as an old *Whore* (ſpight of Paint or cloathing)
Fals at the laſt, the object of mens loathing,
Scorn'd and vnpittyed, and to finiſh all,
Dyes in a Ditch, or in an Hoſpitall:
So Pamphlets, and ſom workes of writers Grave
Are vſde much worſe then *whores* by many a knave
Who ne're regards the matter or the price,
But teare like Tyrants, to wrap Drugs or Spice,
Or which is worſe in Privie matters vſe them,
Or worſt of all, like Roarers they abuſe them.
When as they rend good Bookes to light and dry
Tobacco (Englands bainefull Diety.)
And 'tis a thing I nere thought on before,
A * *Booke's* examin'd ſtricter then a *whore*.

* Now adayes

There's

A Whore.

There's not a Sheet, a Leafe, a Page, a Verſe,
A word, a ſyllable, or letter (ſcarce)
But that (Authority) with Iudgements eye
Doth diligently looke, and ſearch and pry,
And gage the ſenſe, and firſt will underſtand all
Leſt in a Phraſe or word, there lurke a ſcandall,
And my poore *whore* in this hath not beene ſpard.
Her skirts were curtaild, and her nayles were* par'd
All's one for that, though ſhe ſuch uſage had,
She's not left naked, though not richly clad,
I knew ſhe muſt be queſtion'd, and I ſay,
I am right glad ſhe ſcap'd ſo well away.
And ſhould all *whores* of high and low degree,
(As *bookes* are) to account thus called be,
The whoriſh number would waxe very ſmall,
Or elſe men never could examine all.
This Booke my *whore*, or elſe this *whore* my booke
(She beares both Names, ſo neither is miſtooke)
Reſpects not all her enemies a ſtraw,
If ſhe offended, ſhe hath had the Law.
She was examin'd, and ſhe did confeſſe,
And had endur'd the torture of the Preſſe:

* She would have ſcratche'd elſe.

Her

A Whore.

Her faults are printed vnto all mens ſight,
Vnpartially declar'd in blacke and white,
And laſt, in *Pauls* Church-yard, and in the ſtreets,
She ſuffers Penance vp and downe in Sheets.
And if all *whores* to doe the like were made,
A *Linnen Draper* were the richeſt Trade,
If any *whore* be honeſter then mine is,
He writ no more but ſtop my mouth with-

FINIS.

THIS AVTHOR HATH

Newly cauſed all his works (being above 60.) to bee printed into one Volume, the Names of all which Workes ar ſet downe in this following Catalogue.

TAylors Vrania.
The life and death of the Virgin Mary.
The whip of Pride.
Againſt curſing and ſwearing.
The fearefull Summer.
Chriſtian Admonitions.
The travell of Twelve pence.
The Armado.
The Begger.
Taylors Gooſe.
Iacke a Lent.
Taylors pennyleſſe Prilgrimage.

Th

A Catalogue.

The Sculler.
The Dolphins danger.
The Cormorant.
A ſea-fight by Captaine Wedall.
The praiſe of Hempſeed.
Taylors Paſtorall.
Prince Charles his welcome from Spaine.
An Engliſh mans love to Bohemia.
Three weekes and three daies travels.
Taylors farewell to Bohemia.
Sir Gregory Nonſence.
A very merry Whirry voyage.
The great O Toole.
A voyage to the Weſt.
The ſcourge of baſeneſſe.
Taylors Motto.
Odcombs complaint.
Coriats reſurrection.
Laugh and be fat.
Coriats newes.
A Bawd.
A Whore.

A Catologue.

A Whore.
A Thiefe.
A Hangman.
The unnaturall Father.
Taylors revenge.
Fenners defence
A caſt over the water.
The praiſe of cleane Linnen.
The Water-mans ſuit.
Wit and Mirth.
A Dogge of Warre.
The world runs on Wheeles.
The nipping or ſnipping of abuſes.
A Chronicle from Brute
A Briefe from the Conqueſt.
A Farewell to the Towre bottles.
The marriage of the Princeſſe Elizabeth.
An Elegie for King Iames.
An Elegy for the Earle of Nottingham.
An Elegy for the Earle of Holderneſſe.
An Elegy for the Biſhop of Winchester.

An

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An Elegy for the Duke of Richmond.
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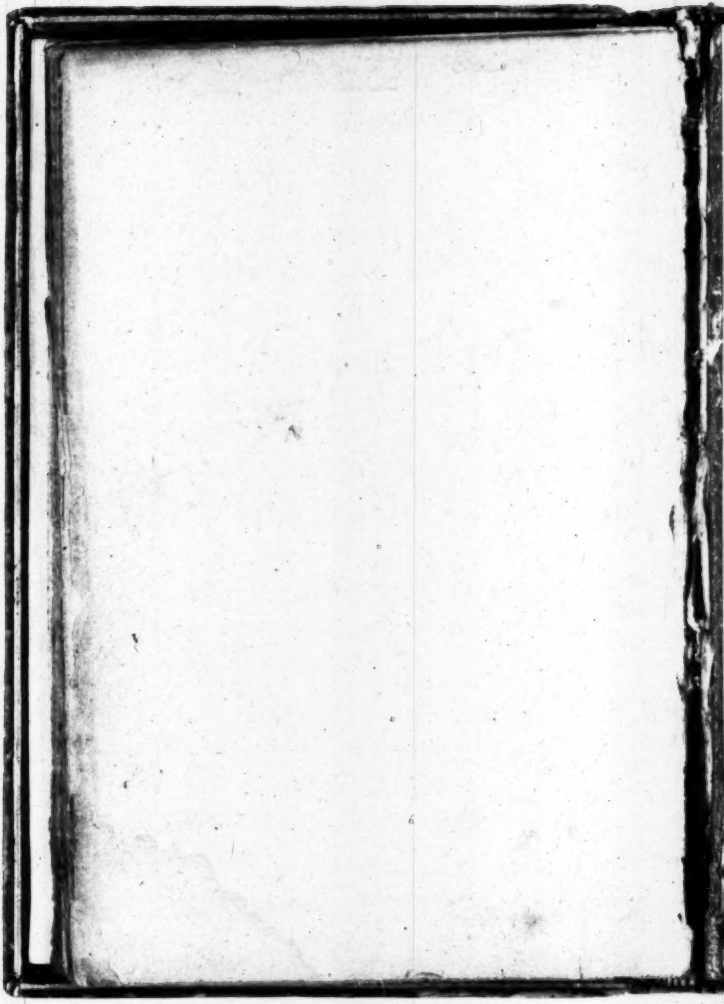
The ſumme of the Bible in verſe.
The ſumme of the Booke of Martyrs in verſe.
The Churches deliverances,
Archies making peace with France.
The Acts and exployts of Wood the great Eater in Kent.

FINIS.



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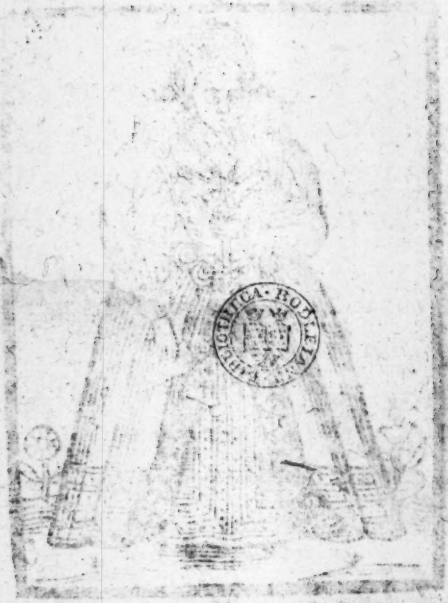
A Common Whore

With all theſe graces grac'd,
Shee's very honeſt, beauti-
full and chaſte.

Writtten By IOHN TAYLOR

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

Printed at London for *Henry Goſſon.* 1635.


BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

To no matter who,

Lord, Master, Good-man, Gaffer, *or* Knaue, Lady, Mistresse, Good-wife, Gammer, *or Whore*, } Readers.

I Would not haue you to take me for a Bawde or a Pander, for that I send a Whore *amongst you; for though it be my pleasure to call her so, yet you in the perusing of her, and conuersing with her, shall find her honester then some of your Wiues or Mothers: indeed she hath no great Kindred to boast of, for my poore brain like* Ioue *was father and mo-*

ther that begat and bare her like a new Pallas: and my Pen the Midwife that first wrap'd her in ragged verses in stead of clouts, where the Printer hath vs'd her as he would be loth to be vs'd himselfe; for hee hath published and proclaimed all her faults to the view of the world, and yet I know the poore Whores paine is not past, for now shee is to bee examined a thousand wayes, and tortured vpon the Racke of censure, and amongst all that shall view and handle her, the hot Whoremaster will deale most discourteously with her, for when hee perceiues her honestie too hard for his knauery, he will in anger, with three tushes, foure pishes, flue mewes, sixe wry

mouths,

mouths, and seuen scuruy faces, teare her and pull her worse then the Rusticall Rablement did vse to vse common Whores on former Shroue-Tuesdayes. But all's one, let him doe his worst, she is confidently arm'd with Innocencie: and the threats or danger of the bad cannot affright her but that shee will attempt to recreate the good. In a word, all that is amisse in her, I pray you impute it to my bad Tutorship, and her owne fraility; all that I hope of her is, that she is a merry Whore, full of good words: A kind Whore to be had for money or loue any where, a true Whore and a constant, for she will neuer forsake any man that will keepe her: and (by reason she is an

honeſt VVhore) *ſhee is a poore* VVhore, *and hath neither money nor Sprats: take my* VVhore *amongſt you as ſhe is.*

Now after this, I'le be exceeding briefe
To ſend another Pamphlet call'd a *Thiefe*;
The Hue and Cry is out, and I proteſt,
Though he ſcape hanging, yet he ſhall be preſt.

IOHN TAYLOR.

A WHORE.

MY Booke, an honeſt *Whore* I fitly call,
Becauſe it treats of *Whores* in generall:
Then though this Pamphlet I doe name a *Whore*,
Let no man ſhun her company therefore;
For if ten thouſand with her lodge and lye,
No reputation they ſhall loſe thereby.
No coſt * for Dyet ſhee at all requires,
No charge for change of changeable attires,
No Coaches, or Carroches ſhee doth crave,
No baſe attendance of a Pand'ring Knave.
Perfumes and Paintings, ſhe abhorres and hates,
Nor doth ſhee borrow haire from other pates.
And this much more Ile boldly ſay for her,
Who ſo redeemes her from the Stationer,
(With whom ſhee as a ſlave is kept in hold,
And at his pleaſure daily bought and ſold)

*A cheape Whore.

A Whore.

I say, that man that doth her ransome pay,
She will require his kindnesse euery way,
Her Inside with such Treasury is stor'd,
As may become the Pocket of a Lord,
All, from the Cottage to the Castle high,
From Palatines vnto the Peasantry,
(If their le permit their wisedomes rule their will)
May keepe this *Whore* and yet be honest still.
Yet is she **Common*, vnto all that craue her,
For sixe pence honest man or knaue may haue her,
To be both turn'd and tost, she free affords,
And (like a prating *Whore*) she's full of words,
But all her talke is to no other end,
Then to teach *Whoremasters* and *Whores* to mend.
She in plain termes vnto the world doth tell,
Whores are the Hackneys which men ride to hell,
And by comparisons she truly makes
A *Whore* worse then a common Shore, or Iakes.
A Succubus, a damned sinke of sinne,
A mire, where worse then Swine doe wallow in.
And with a *Whore* (although thus plaine she be)
She she-ties a *Whoremonger* as bad as she.
And though I barren am of Eloquence,
Nor neuer vnderstood my *Accidence*:

**A strange Whore common and yet honest.*

Ye

A Whore.

Yet though I haue no learning to my ſhare,
A *Whore* to broken Latin Ile compare;
Firſt if her mind on *Whoring* ſhe doth fix,
She's all compact of mirth, all *Meretrix*,
And with ſmall teaching ſhe will ſoone decline
Mulier into the Gender Maſculine
By her Attire, of which ſex ſhe ſhould be,
She ſeemes the *doubtfull Gender* vnto me,
To either ſide her habit ſeemes to leane,
And may be taken for the *Epicene*.
Vnto the *Neuter* I compare her can,
For ſhe's for thee, or me or any man.
In her Declenſions ſhe ſo farre doth goe,
As to the *common of two or three*, or moe.
And come to *horum harum Whorum*, then
She proues a great proficient amongſt men.
Then after ſhe had learn'd theſe Leſſons right,
She forward goes vnto *hoc lene* light,
She paints out *pulcher*, ayded by her glaſſe,
She's neither *bonus*, or yet *bonitas*.
Homo for all men, is a common name,
And ſhe for all men is a common ſhame.
Not *lapis* ſingularly, her can pleaſe,
She loues the plurall number *lapides*.

A Whore.

To Conſtrue plainly ſhe is ſeldome curious,
The two hard words of *durus*, and of *durius*,
Though ſhe's not paſt the whip, ſhe's paſt the rods
And knowes to joyne her *qui's*, her *quæ's* & *quods*,
The *Actiue* from the *Paſſiue* ſhe'le deriue,
Her *Mood* commands like the *Imparatiue*;
She knowes no *Concords*, yet to all men thus,
She faine would be *Iucundus omnibus*:
Clam is the Cloake, that couers her offence,
Her goodneſſe all is in the *Future tenſe*,
She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne)
Or Conſt'ring truly, *Eaſie to be done*.
Parui ducitur probitas, ſets forth
Her honeſty is rekoned little worth:
And he ſhall find, that takes her for his choyce,
An *Interjection*, or *Imperfect voyce*:
Among the rules of Gender, ſhe by heart,
Can without miſſing dayly ſay her part.
The firſt among them all ſhe liketh beſt,
Propria quæ Maribus, and there ſhe'le reſt.
Thus may a *VVhore* be made (by this conſtruction)
Vnto the Grammer rules an Introduction,
But yet if Learning might be gotten ſo,
Few to the Vniuerſities would goe.

And

And all degrees, tagge ragge, and old and young,
Would be well grounded in the Latine tongue:
Whil'ſt many learn'd men would be forc'd to ſeeke
Their liuings from the Hebrew and the Greeke:
For mine owne part I dare to ſweare and vow
I ne're vſ'd *Accidence* ſo much as now,
Nor all theſe Latine words here enterlac'd,
I doe not know if they with ſenſe are plac'd,
I in the Booke did finde them, and conclude,
At random to a *Whore* I them allude:
But leauing *Latine*; euery trading *Wench*
Hath much more vnderſtanding of the *French*,
If ſhe hath learn'd great P, O Per ſe O.
She'le quickly know *De morbo Gallico.*
If in theſe rudiments ſhe well doth enter,
With any man ſhe never feares to venter:
She's impudently arm'd, and ſhameleſſe to,
And never dreads what man to her can do,
Her neather part to ſtake ſhe'le often lay
To keepe her vpper part in faſhion gay,
She bluſhes not to haue her Trade well knowne,
Which is, ſhe lives by uſing of her owne.
Her ſhop, her ware, her fame, her ſhame, her game,
'Tis all her owne, which none from her can claime.

And

And if she be halfe mad, and curse and sweare,
And fight, and bite, and scratch, and domineere
Yet still she proves her patience to be such,
'Midst all these passions she will beare to much,
She is not covetous for any thing,
For what she hath, men doe vnto her bring,
(Her Temp'rance is a vertue of much honour)
And all her Commings in, are put vpon her.
Shee's generall, she's free, she's liberall
Of hand and purse, she's open vnto all,
She is no miserable hidebound wretch,
To please her friend at any time shee'le stretch.
At once she can speake *true*, and *lye*, or either,
And is at home, abroad, and altogether.
She's nimbler then a Tumbler, as I thinke
Layes down, and takes up, whilst a man can winke,
And though she seeme vnmeasur'd in her pleasure,
'Tis otherwise a Yard's her onely measure.
But as most *VVhores* are vicious in their fames,
So many of them have most Vertuous names,
Though bad they be, they will not bate an Ace.
To be call'd *Prudence, Temperance, Faith* or *Grace*,
Or *Mercy Charitie*, or many more,
Good names (too good to give to any *VVhore*).

A Whore.

Much from the Popes of *Rome* they doe not swerue
For they have Names which they doe ill deserue,
Onely betwixt them here's the difference on't,
A *VVhore* receives her name first at the *Font*:
The Roman Bishop takes a larger scope,
For he doth change his name when hee's a Pope.
As if he were a Persecuting *Saul*,
If he please hee'le be call'd a Preaching *Paul*,
Is his name *Swinesnout*, he can change the Case,
And swap away that name for *Boniface*,
If he be most vngodly, and enuious,
Yet if he please, he will be called *Pius*,
Be he by Nature to all mischiefe bent,
He may and will be called *Innocent*,
And be he never so doggedly inclinde,
Hee'le be nam'd *Vrbane*, if it be his minde.
If he be much more fearefull then a Sheepe,
The Name of *Leo* he may have and keepe.
And though he be vnmercifull yet still
He may bee called *Clement* if he will.
Thus *Popes* may have good names, though bad they be,
And so may *VVhores* though different in degree.
The Anagram of WHORE's her mortall foe,
Devided into two words, 'tis HER WO.

And

And seriously (to lay all Iesting by)
A *Whore* is *Her* owne *Woe*, and misery.
For though she haue all pleasures at the full,
Much more then *Thais*, that proud *Corinthian* Trul,
Who suffred none but Kings and Potentates
To haue their pleasures, at Excessiue rates;
Yet all that Deare bought Letchery would be
The greater brand of lasting Infamy:
And though her Carrion Corps, rich clad, high fed,
(Halfe rotten living, and all rotten Dead)
Who with her hellish Courage, stout and hot,
Abides the brunt of many a prick shaft shot;
Yet being dead, and doth consumed lye,
Her euerlasting shame shall neuer dye.
Ixion (in his armes) he did suppose
That he the Goddesse *Iuno* did inclose:
But in the end his franticke errot show'd,
That all which he imbrac'd was but a Cloud.
So whosoeuer doe their *Lust* embrace,
In stead of *Loue* are clouded with disgrace.
The Godlesse Goddesse *Venus*, honor'd farre,
For conqu'ring of the Conqu'ring God of Warre,
To hide their shame they no defence could get,
When limbing *Vulcan* tooke them in a net,

And being past shame, with that foule offence,
Shee arm'd herselfe with shameleſſe Impudence.
And with vngodly Articles would prove,
That foule Concupiſence and Luſt is Loue.
For which each bawdy Knave, and filthy *VVhore*,
Her Deuil-iſh Diety doe ſtill adore.
I have read * Hiſtories that doe repeat
VVhores were of old in eſtimation Great,
Pandemus King of *Corinth*, he erected
(That he from *Perſes* power might be protected)
A Temple vnto *Venus*, as ſome ſay,
Where *VVhores* might for his ſafety ſafely pray.
And ſome in *Epheſus* did Temples reare,
In whom the *Paphean* Queenes adored were,
Where they that were the wickedſt *whores* of all,
Were the chiefe Prieſts in robes Pontificall.
And in the Ile of *Paphos* 'twas the vſe
Mayds got their Dowries, by their Corpe abuſe,
But if that order were allowed here,
So many would not Portions want I feare!
The Art of Bawd'ry was in ſuch reſpect
Amongſt the *Egyptians* that they did erect

* Heere I have for ſome 60. lines followed the report of *Cornelius Agrippa*, in his *Vanitie of Sciences*.

An

An Altar to *Priapus*, and their guise
Was, that their Priests on it did sacrifice.
Wise *Aristotle* was in wit so poore,
Hee sacrific'd to *Hermia* his *whore*.
Great *Iulius Cæsar*, was so free and Common,
And cald a Husband vnto euery woman.
Proculus Emperour, (the story sayes)
Deflowr'd a hundred Maydes* in Fifteene daies.
If all be true that Poets vse to write,
Hercules lay with Fifty in one night.
When *Heliogabalus* Romes Sepcter sway'd,
And all the world his lawlesse Lawes obay'd
He in his Court did cause a Stewes be made.
Whereas *Cum prinilegio*, *VVhores* did trade.
H'inuited Two and twenty of his friends,
And kindly to each one a *VVhore* he lends.
To set *Whores* free, that then in bondage lay,
A mighty * Masse of money he did pay.
He (in one day) gaue to each *Whore* in *Rome*
A *Ducket*, (a large and ill bestowed summe.)
He made Orations vnto *VVhores*, and said
They were his Souldiers, his Defence and ayde;

And

Sermatian Maydes
* 30 pound waight a peece.

And in his ſpeech he ſhew'd his wits acute,
Of ſundry formes of Bawdry to diſpuit.
And after giving vnto every *VVhore*,
For liſt'ning to his tale three Duckats more,
With Pardon vnto all and Liberty
That would be *VVhores* within his Monarchy.
And yearely Penſions, he freely gaue,
To keepe a Regiment of *Whores*, moſt brave.
And oft he had (when he in Progreſſe went)
Of *Whores*, Bawds, Panders, ſuch a Rabblement,
Sixe hundred Waggons, Hiſtory reports,
Attended onely on theſe braue conſorts.
This was a Royall *VVhoremaſter* indeed,
A ſpeciall [a] Benefactor at their need,
But now ſince *Heliogabilus* deceaſt,
I thinke the with world *VVhores* is ſo increaſt,
That if it had an Emperour as mad,
He might haue twice ſo many as he had.
For by experience wee ſee every day
That bad things doe increaſe, good things decay.
And vertue (with much care) from vertue breeds,
Vice freely ſprings from vice, like ſtinking weeds.

[a] Or rather malefactor.

Sardinapalus King of *Babylon*,
Was to his *Whores* such a companion,
That he in their attire did sow and sing,
(An exercise unfitting for a King.)
This fervent Lust, (which some call ardent Love)
Did cause the [b] Bastard of the mightie *Iove*
To please his *Iole*, he tooke a Wheele
And (laying by his Club) did spin and Reele.
Great *Iove* himselfe, could not this snare escape,
Lust led him on to many a shameleſſe Rape.
Poore *Hebe*, *Hele*, *Darna*, and *Europa*,
Alcmena, *Io*, *Semele*, and *Leada*,
Antiopa, *Asterie*, *Ganimed*,
These and a number more his fancie fed.
To compasse which his shifts were manifold,
T'a * *Bull*, a Ram, a Swan, a showre of Gold,
To dreadfull Thunder, and consuming fire,
And all to quench his inward flames desire.
Appollo turn'd faire *Daphne* into [c] *Bay*,
Because she from his Lust did fly away,
He lou'd his *Hyacinct*, and his *Coronis*,
As fervently as *Venus* did *Adonis*,

[b] *Hercules.* * *Iupiter* transform'd himselfe to all these shapes to attaine his desire. [c] The Bay tree or Lawrell.

So much he from his Godhead did decline,
That for a Wench he kept *Admetus* Kine.
And many other *Gods* have gone astray,
If all be true which *Ovids* Booke doth say.
Thus to fulfill their Lusts, and win their Trulls,
We see that these ungodly gods were Guls.
The mighty Captaine of the [a] *Mermidons*,
Being captiv'd to these base passions,
Met an untimely unexpected slaughter
For faire *Polixena*, King *Priams* daughter.
Lucretia's Rape, was *Tarquins* overthrow,
(Shame often payes the debt that sinne doth owe)
What *Philomela* lost, and *Tereus* wonne,
It causde the lustfull [b] Father eate his Sonne.
In this vice [c] *Nero* tooke such beastly joy,
He married was to *Sporus* a yong Boy.
And *Periander* was with Lust so led,
He with *Melissa* lay when she was dead.
Pigmalion [d] with an Image made of Stone,
Did love and lodge: (Ile rather lye alone.)

a *Achilles*, who was slaine (besotted to his death) for the love of *Polixena*. b *Tereus* King of *Thrace* eate of his own Sonne *Itis*, made into pyemeat by his wife *Progne*. c A Tyrant Prince in *Corinth*. d *Plutarch*.

Ariſtophanes, ioyn'd in love would be
To a ſhee Aſſe: but what an Aſſe was he?
A Roman [b] *Appius* did in Iayle abide,
For loue of faire *Virginia*, where he dyde.
Our ſecond *Henry* [c] Aged, Childiſh, fond,
On the faire feature of faire *Roſamond*:
That it raiſ'd moſt vnnaturall hatefull ſtriſe
Betwixt himſelfe, his children, and his wife.
The end of which was, that the jealous Queene
Did poiſon [d] *Roſamond* in furious ſpleene.
The fourth King *Edward* lower did deſend,
He to a Goldſmiths wife [e] his loue did bend,
This ſugred ſinne hath been ſo generall,
That it hath made the ſtrongeſt Champions fall.
For *Sichem* rauiſht [f] *Dina*, for which deed,
A number of the *Sichemites* did bleed.
And *Sampſon*, in the prime of manly ſtrength,
By *Dallila*, was ouercome at length.
King *Dauid* frailely fell, and felt the paine,
And with much ſorrow, was reſtor'd againe.

b Appius murthered himſelfe, becauſe *Virginias* father had ſlaine her, to free her from his Luſt. *c* King *Henrie* the 2. King of *England*. *d* At *Woodſtocke*. *e* Miſtris *Shore*. *f* She was *Iacobs* daughter, whoſe Rape was accurſedly reuenged by her brethren, *Simeon* and *Leui*. *Geneſis*.

Though

Though *Saul* his foe he no way would offend,
Yet this sinne made him kill his loyall friend.
Ammon with [h] *Thamar*, Incest did commit,
And *Absolon* depriu'd his life for it.
And *Salomon* allow'd most Koyall meanes
To keepe three hundred Queenes, seuen hundred
By whose meanes to Idolatry he fell (queanes,
Almost as low as to the gates of Hell.
At last repenting, he makes declaration,
That all was vanity, and spirits vexation.
Abundance of examples men may finde,
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
Which is no way for meaner men to goe,
Because their betters oft haue wandred so,
For they were plagu'd of God, and so shall we
Much more if of their sinne we partners bee.
To shew what Women haue been plagued in
The bottomlesse Abysse of this sweet sinne,
There are examples of them infinite,
Which I neu'r meane to reade, much lesse to write
To please the reader though I'le set downe some,
As they vnto my memory doe come.

[g] 2 *Sam.* 11
[h] 2 *Sam.* 13.

A Whore.

Flora a Whore in *Rome*, great wealth did win,
By her deare trading and her Commings in,
Which wealth she freely gave when she did dye,
Vnto the *Roman* people generally,
For which they all (to shew their thanks unto her)
Made her a Goddesse and did Reuerence doe her.
And *Lais* of *Corinth*, ask'd *Demosthenes*
One hundred Crownes for one nights businesse,
For which a crew of *Whores* did set upon her,
A *Whore* she was, & *whores* to death did stone her.
There was a famous Whore [a] *Rhodope* nam'd,
Who for her gaine, at such high price she gam'd,
That she (most liberall) did the charges beare,
A stately high Piramides to reare.
Great *Iulius Cæsar*, was much overseene
With *Cleopatra* the Ægyptian Queene:
And after she insnar'd *Marke Anthony*,
For which they both by their own hands did dye
Semiramis [b] plaid the inhumane Trull,
And was enamour'd with a beastly Bull.
So did [c] *Pasipha*, but me thinks tis strange

a She was servant to *Exanthus*, and fellow to *Esop* the Fabulist. b Queene of *Babylon* slaine by her Sonne, whom she would have had to have lyen with her. c *Pasipha* wife to *Minos* King of *Crete*.

That

That Queenes so farre from womanhood should
Mirha (*Adonis* mother) caus'd her Father (range.
The flower of her virginitie to gather.
If wise *Vlisses* had not wellbeene arm'd,
Inchanting *Circe* had his honour charm'd.
When youthfull *Paris* stole the lustfull Punke,
Faire *Hellen*, had the Ship that bore them sunke,
Then thirty Kings in peace at home had staid,
Nor *Troy* or *Trojans* in their ruines laid :
Faire[a] *Messalina*, a most royall Whore,
(Wife unto *Claudius* the Emperour)
The sports of *Venus* in the Stewes did play,
Sometimes full five and twenty times a day.
Marcus Aurelius did faire *Faustine* wed,
And she with whoring did behorne his head.
And many Princes and great Potentates,
With *Vulcans* crest have arm'd their noble pates :
This to the poorest Cuckold smees a bliss,
That he with mighty Monarchs sharer is,
That though to be cornuted be a griefe,
Yet to have such brave partners, is reliefe,
These *whores & whoremasters* which I have nam'd
And thousands more (in Histories defamde)

[a] *Messalina* and *Faustina* two Empresses.

With partiall selfe-opinion did approue,
Their sensuallity and Lust was *Loue*.
When as the ods is more then day from night,
Or fire from water, blacke from purest white;
The one with *God*, one with the *Deuill* doth dwell,
Loue comes frō *heauen*, & lust doth spring frō *hell*.
But the old Prouerbe, ne're will be forgot,
A Letchers loue is (like *Sir Reuerence*) hot.
And on the sudden cold as any stone,
For when the lust is past, the loue is gone.
But loue is such a blessing from on hie,
Whose zealous fervency can never die,
It out-liues life, and the ascending flame
Mounts to the God of *Loue*, from whence it came.
Lust made * *Seths* sons, with fornication vaine,
Ioyne with the daughters of accursed *Cain*,
And the world suffred, for their fornication,
Depopulation, by the inundation.
And twenty and foure thousand *Israelites*
Dyde for this sinne amongst the [a] *Midianites*,
For the not punishing this fact (almost)
The Tribe of [b] *Beniamin* were slaine and lost.

* Genesis. [a] Numbers. [b] Iudg. 19. 20. and 21. 65000 were slaine of the Israelites, and there remained of the Beniamites only 600.

A Whore.

May this be call'd loue, then call vertue vice,
And euery bawdy house a Paradice.
If lust were loue, it would not like a Wolfe,
Drowne Louers hearts in Desperations Gulfe,
A Theban, [c] *Hemon*, himselfe madly kill'd,
On his to deere deers Tombe his heart blood spild
For *Phaon* (a poore Watermans sweet sake)
Faire *Sapho* from a rocke, her [d] necke she brake.
Pheadra for her *Hippollitus*, they say,
Did hang her selfe, and make a Holy-day.
And [e] *Phillis* for [f] *Demophon* did as much,
Ile never love, if Loves effects be such.
To quench the *Carthaginian* [g] Queenes desire,
She burnt herselfe vpon a pile of fire;
If either *Priamus*, or *Thisby* had
Not beene starke fooles, or else exceeding mad.
The doting, idle misconceiving Elues,
So desperately, had ne're fore-done themselues.
Thus all the difference betwixt loue and lust,
Is, one is lust, the other is vniust.

[c] For *Antigona* the Daughter of *Oedius* and *Iocasta*. [d] The more foole she, though she were a Poetesse. [e] She was daughter to *Licurgus* King of *Thrace*. [f] Sonne to *Theseus*. [g] *Dido*, for *Eneas*, burned her selfe.

Search

And *Venus* did allow the *Cyprian* Dames,
To get their livings by their bodies shames.
Licurgus did a Law in *Sparta* make,
That all men might their barren wiues forsake:
And by the same Law it ordained was,
Wiues might vnable husbands turne to grasse.
And the wise *Solon* the *Athenian*,
Allow'd *Whores* to be free for any man.
And though these things the Pagan people did,
Yet Christian gouernments these things forbid.
But ther's no comon-wealth maimaines the same,
But were the [a] Pope is Landlord of the game.
The Stewes in *England* bore a beastly sway,
Till the eight [b] *Henry* banish'd them away (downe,
And since those common *Whores* were quite put
A damned crew of priuate *Whores* are growne;
So that the deuill will be doing still,
Either with publique or with priuate ill.
Thus much for *VVhoring* I must say agen,
It hath produced many valiant men:
Braue Bastards, haue been famous Conquerours,
And some great Lords, and Kings and Emperours.

a Not in any place but where Romes supremacy is allowed. *b* *Anno Regni* 37.

As

A Whore.

As *Hercules Ioues* mighty Baſtard ſonne,
And [c] *Alexander* King of *Macedon*:
Clodovee. King of *France*, from Baſtardie,
And *William* Conqueror, from *Normandie*.
Theſe and number more I could recite,
Beſides the vnknowne number's infinite.
And ſure that wretched man that maried is,
Vnto a wife diſpos'd to this amiſs,
Is mad to wrong himſelfe at all thereby,
With heart-griefe and tormenting iealouſie.
If he hath cauſe for't, let him then forſake her,
And pray God mend her, or the deuill take her,
If he hath no cauſe to be jealous then,
He's worthy to be made the ſcorne of men.
Thus cauſe or no cauſe, man himſelfe ſhould arme,
That jealouſie ſhould never doe him harme.
The *Nicholitans*, to avoid the paine
Of jealouſie amongſt them did ordaine,
That all their married wiues, of each degree,
To euery one a common *whore* ſhould be.
And ſo amongſt them one could hardly finde,
A Cuckold that did beare a jealous minde.

[c] So ſayes *Cornelius Agrippa*, but I finde it otherwayes in *Quintus Curtius*.

When

A Whore.

When I but thinke what Sciences, and Arts,
What men and women, full of ex'lent parts,
Forget their functions, lay their vertues by,
And wait and liue, and thriue by Lecherie.
A Poets Art, all other Arts excell,
If he hath skill and grace to vse it well:
Yet many times tis vsde most base and vile,
When it descends vnto a bawdy stile,
To turne good humane studies, and diuine,
Into most beastly lines like *Aretine*;
To seeke to merit euer-liuing Bayes,
For sordid stuffe (like *Ouids* lustfull Layes.)
With false bewitching verses to entice
Fraile creatures from faire vertue to foule vice,
Whose flatery makes a *Whore* to seeme a Saint,
That stinkes like carrion, with her Pox and paint.
Comparing her (with false and odious lies)
To all thats in or vnderneath the Skyes;
Her eyes to *Sunnes*, that doth the *Sunne* Eclips,
Her cheekes are Roses (Rubies are her lips)
Her white and red Carnation mixt with snow,
Her teeth to orientall pearle, a Row,
Her voice like Musick of the heauenly Spheares,
Her haire like thrice refined golden Wires,

A Whore.

Her breath more ſweet then Arromatick drugs,
Like Mounts of Allablaſter are her dugs,
Her *Bracelets*, *Rings*, her *Scarfe*, her *Fan*, her *Chaine*.
Are ſubjects to inſpire a Poets braine:
But aboue all her *Smock* moſt praiſe doth win,
For tis the Curtaine next vnto her skin.
Her looſe *Gowne*, for her looſer body fit,
Shall be adored with a flaſh of wit,
And from the *Chin-clout*, to the lowly *Slipper*,
In *Helliconian* ſtreames his praiſe ſhall dip her,
I leane vnnam'd what is affected beſt,
As tis moſt fit, for it maintaines the reſt,
Her thighs, her knees, her legs, her feet, and all,
From top to toe are ſupernaturall.
Her Iuory hands, with ſaphire veines inlaide,
Which cannot be by mortall Pen diſplaide.
Her ſmile makes cold December Sommer like,
Her frowne, hot Iune with ſhivering Froſt can ſtrike
And life & death doth in her lookes abide, (
Or many Knaues and Fooles that ſaid ſo lyde.
Her Shapperoones, her Perriwigs and tires,
Are Reliques, which this flatt'ry much admires,
Rebatoes, Maske, her Buſk and Buſk-point to,
Are things to which mad men muſt homage doe.

Her